THE ILLINOIS

November, 1916

MAGAZINES

We carry a complete line

Ask us to save your favorites for you

—

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Place them with us

CLUB RATES

—

GUARANTEED

WATCH & JEWELRY REPAIRING

PROMPTLY DONE A FAIR PRICE

A. B. JOHNSON

—

THE CO-OP

ON THE SQUARE

GIFTS FOR
EVERY OCCASION

Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Co.

Experienced - - Reliable

New Hamilton Building
CHAMPAIGN

KELLEY

CORNER MAIN and NEIL

CORDOVANS

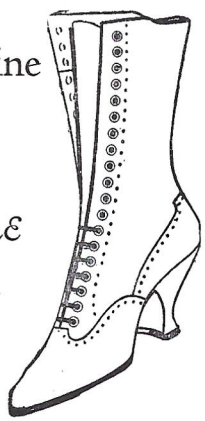
Direct from the Factory

$6.00 & $7.00

They will go fast.
Get yours NOW.

Also a splendid line
of LADIES
Bootery

The Last word in STYLE and QUALITY



Shoe Repairing
Laces, Rubber Heels, Etc.

BARBER SHOPS

Kandy ..... University District
Joe Foley ..... University District
Rose Barber shop ..... University District

BILLIARDS AND POOL

The Arcade Poolroom ..... University District

CLOTHING

Gulick Tailoring Co. ..... Neil St., Champaign
J. F. Herbstriet ..... Railroad St., Urbana
Zombro ..... University District
Jos. Kuhn & Co. ..... Main St., Champaign

CONFECTIONERIES

The Bradley ..... University District
Harris ..... University District
Vriners ..... Main St., Champaign

DRUG STORES

Bert Spalding ..... University District

HARDWARE

John H. Doyle ..... Main St., Champaign

HOTELS

The Beardsley ..... Neil St. Champaign

JEWELRY

Ray L. Bowman ..... Neil St., Champaign

LADIES' CLOTHING AND MILLINERY

J. M. Kaufman, 2nd Floor ..... Main St., Champaign
Mrs. W. R. Barnhart ..... Main St., Urbana
McWilliams & Gleim ..... Neil St., Champaign

LUNCH ROOMS

The Crumb Shelf ..... University District

PHOTO WORK AND SUPPLIES

Howard Studios ..... Champaign and University District
Strauchs ..... Champaign and University District

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

Twin City Printing Co. ..... Neil St., Champaign
G. R. Grubb & Co. ..... Walnut St., Champaign

SUIT PRESSING

The Illinois Pressing and Cleaning Shop ..... University District
Hite Brothers Pantatorium ..... University District

SHOE STORES

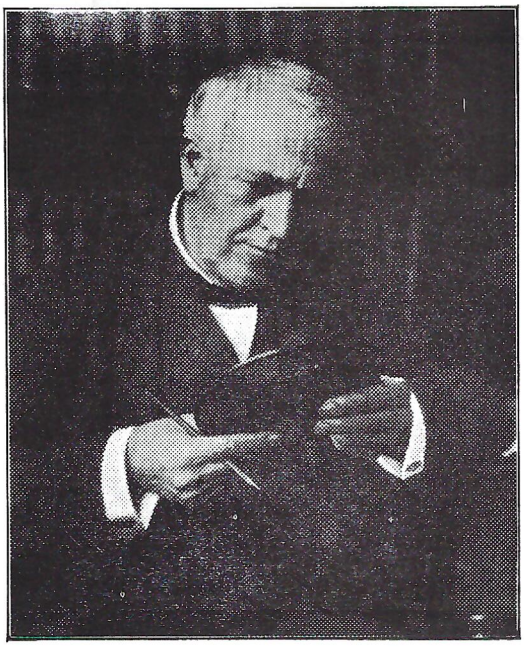
Kelly ..... Main & Neil Sts., Champaign
Julian Shoe Store ..... Main St., Urbana
Swearingens ..... Neil St., Champaign
William Wallace Paul ..... Main St., Champaign

UNIVERSITY STORES

The Co-Op ..... University District
Lloyds ..... Champaign & University District

MISCELLANEOUS

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. .....
The Republican Party .....
P. H. L. .....
A. B. Johnson, watch repairing .....



This is

Edison Week !

If you wish to hear the most perfect re-creation of sound as produced by the voice or instrument, so perfect that you can not detect the difference between the machine and the original, stop in at

LLOYDE'S
TWO STORES.

HEAR *The* NEW EDISON

We say "unmatched" and "118 1-2"

? Have you found out what this means ?

Ask the man who has tried us

Jos. Kuhn & Co. 118 1-2

33-37 MAIN STREET
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

In This Issue

A TRY AT THE PURITAN HELL
A. S. Van Deusen Jr.

THE KICK OFF

FACULTY HOMES, II. *Illustrated*
The Home of Prof. James M. White

MY RIVER. *Poem*
Bayard H. Clark

WHAT'S THE CHANCE?
U. OF I. FOOTLIGHTS, *Scott McNulta*
WOULDST DECLAIM?, *J. H. Armstrong*
HOW ABOUT JOURNALISM?, *M. G. Silver*
ATHLETIC MANAGERS, *N. Mc K. Kneisley*
POLITICS AND FRIENDSHIP
INTERCLASS ATHLETICS, *J. H. Powers*

BETWEEN DANCES
Catherine Needham

WE HAND IT TO— *Illustrated*

BOOKS, *Reviews of the Month*

TO BELGIUM, *Poem*
Marcelle Laval

ON THE GOOD SHIP ILLINOIS
H. M. Page

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH
Zelomia Ainsworth

WITH THE CO-ED—*Why Is a Woman's League?*
Florence Lindahl

The Philosopher and Poet of India Who Will Visit His Favorite University Next Month

Rabindranath Tagore

The Illinois Magazine

Volume 8 NOVEMBER, 1916 Number 2

A TRY AT THE PURITAN HELL

ARTHUR S. VAN DEUSEN, JR.

"The Puritan's idea of hell is a place where every one has to mind his own business."

—*Wendell Philips.*

WALLACE HAYNE burst into his bachelor apartments in a manner that would have done credit to a rejected and love-lorn Beau Brummel of the Stone Age. His face, the picture of disgust, would not have soothed a fretful baby to sweet slumber and his elephant-like tread caused a deal of perturbation to the dyspeptic old gentleman on the floor below. Hayne was a tall, handsome fellow of the type inclined to become irritated at trifles and to be very optimistic in the face of real trouble.

"Damnation," exclaimed this gentleman so evidently perturbed by the whirl of the world as he threw himself upon the lounge near the door.

"Yes sir—very good sir." It was the painfully English butler who stood at attention on the opposite side of the room. Hayne stared at him in disdain for a moment and then, as if suddenly possessed of a brilliant idea said:

"Farker, pack my grips at once."

"Your grips, sir?" Farker looked at his master with some little surprise. It was a well warranted surprise too, because Hayne was not in the habit of traveling without a number of trunks which would have served to hold the wardrobes of a small army.

Hayne talked to his man as he dressed, with as much coherence as the antics which he went through in literally throwing his clothes upon his back would permit.

"I'm sick and tired of this hero worship stuff. Every place I go some fool woman follows me with a request for an interview, an autographed photo, or something equally foolish. You might think I was the angel Gabriel instead of a poor movie actor who has been lucky enough to get by. They pursue me every minute that I'm out of the studio. I'm going up to the country where the people mind their own business and get a rest before I start on the winter's work. Call a taxi."

"Yes, sir," answered the butler, setting two bulging grips on the floor.

In the midst of his struggle with an obstinate collar Hayne's glance fell upon his desk on which lay his afternoon mail. There was a large roll of manuscript and several vari-colored letters addressed in feminine hands. He picked up the manuscript, observed the post mark, and slipped it into the pocket of his overcoat. With an air of suspicion he raised the envelopes to his face and sniffed them warily.

"Perfumed," he fairly howled, and with the air of one maliciously plunging a bowey knife into the bowels of a hated enemy he seized a letter opener and tore open the first of the letters. It was as if he wanted to find material for the support of his guilty conscience in the desertion of

his studio work. Drawing the crested paper forth he read aloud:

"My dearest Mr. Hayne: Are you married? Please say 'No'. It would break my heart to—hell."

The perfumed slip fell to the floor and he opened the next envelope.

"My darling Mr. Hayne," he read, "Do you realize that a heart is awaiting you as a condemned soul awaits—hell's bells."

A snigger from behind him caused him to turn and glare at the shaking shoulders of the much amused Farker. The rest of the missives were thrown with a vengeance into the waste basket and again he turned to his dressing. He had scarcely finished when a taxi stopped below, and seizing his hat and coat he dashed down the stairs following by Farker with his grips. With his foot on the step of the car he turned for a last word to his servant.

"I don't know when I'll be back," he announced. "My address is in an envelope on my desk and if I find that you have opened it for any less reason than to inform me that you are dead or that Mercury has fallen from the Montgomery Ward tower you'll be eating cans with the goats shortly after I return."

"Yes sir," called the man as the taxi started on its way toward the station.

The next evening, after a weary train ride and a much more tedious thirty miles in a spring wagon stage, Hayne entered the lobby of Eagle Inn, the chief resort in this little northern Wisconsin village. Dropping his grips to the floor with a bang he addressed himself to the officious woman behind the desk.

"I want the best room you've got," he stated and awaited her reply.

"Well," she said with irritating deliberation, "Number nine is vacant, but if—"

"That's all right with me," he interrupted pettishly, "If it's got a bed in it."

He nearly gave the good woman heart failure by tossing five twenty-dollar bills across the counter, remarking, "Tell me when that gives out."

He seized a pen and quickly scrawling something in the register, turned toward the stairs and went in search of number nine.

He was scarcely out of sight when people rushed to the desk from every corner of the lobby to read what was written on the last line of the register.

"John R. Malcom and wife. She's home with the baby."

Early next morning Hayne appeared in the dining room and with no hesitation took a place by himself in a corner overlooking the bay, unconscious of the stares and remarks which he was provoking.

As soon as he had satisfied his appetite Hayne left the hotel alone, taking with him a roll of manuscript. He made his way to the pier and settled himself in the warm sun to read the scenario which had come to him by mail the day before. There was a note in it from Miss Catherine Eddows asking him to pass judgment on her work and to inform her whether or not he would be willing to play the leading part.

It was interesting and well worth his while. He became so engrossed in his reading that he did not notice a lone girl swimming toward the pier from the shore. She was not more than one hundred feet from the heavy piling when, with a cry, she threw up her arms and struggled to keep her head above water. With a start Hayne was on his feet. He had seen a swimmer with the cramps before and in an instant he had dropped the manuscript and slipping off his shoes jumped to the water in a long graceful dive. With powerful strokes he brought himself to her side and, with the calmness of one taking a moonlight stroll, swam to the pier with his struggling burden. Once out of the water and under the influence of the warm air she was soon herself and sat suddenly bolt upright and stared at him. The re-

alization of what had happened crossed her mind and she dropped her inquisitive gaze from his face and began to fuss with the laces of her soaked bathing shoes.

"You'd better run up to the hotel and change your clothing," he told her, and without a word she turned and ran up the road. He too followed her, in quest of dry clothes and dinner. But the pier was an alluring place and the afternoon found him dozing there with the greatest of content.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Malcom," said some one behind him, and he raised his eyes to meet those of an elderly woman who was plainly embarrassed by her intrusion. Hayne rose to his feet and lifting his cap stood before her.

"I am Mrs. Barnabee, Mr. Malcom," she continued, "And I must express my gratitude for the thing you did for me this morning."

"I don't understand," said Hayne. "I have done nothing."

"You saved my daughter from drowning. I don't know whether you consider that as nothing, but it certainly meant more to me than anything I know of."

"Oh," he breathed. "That was your daughter? Well, you certainly are welcome to my poor efforts."

"Here she comes now," said Mrs. Barnabee and they both waited in silence for the approach of a charming girl of perhaps twenty-two years. She was beautiful, although the experience of the morning had left her somewhat pale.

"Dorothea, I want you to meet Mr. Malcom and give him your thanks in addition to mine."

"I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Malcom," smiled Miss Barnabee extending her hand in a friendly grasp. "There is very little I can say, I fear. Perhaps silence would be the better. Words would never be adequate and—"

"Please don't say another thing," begged Hayne, who was always ill at ease under such circumstances. "It was nothing at all and I'm glad to find that a long winter in the city has not been the ruin of my swimming ability. Please say nothing more about it."

"I'll race you to the island some day," challenged the delightful young lady.

"All right, I'll take you," answered Hayne, more at ease in the trend of such a conversation.

"By the way Mr. Malcom," said Mrs. Barnabee, "A crowd of us are motoring up to Death's Door this afternoon and I'd be delighted to have you in our car."

"Oh, I don't want to intrude," he lied glibly. To be sure, a ride with this certain young lady sounded very alluring, but was he to be dragged into the society that he had come here to avoid? They were minding their own business very well and was he to break the back of his pleasure in solitude so soon?

"Oh, please come," pleaded Miss Barnabee.

"All right, I'll be glad to go," accepted Hayne, throwing caution to the wind.

Together they walked to the hotel and before he knew what he was about Hayne was acquainted with every one of the elite crowd of young people which formed the circle of society about the hotel.

It was a wonderful trip and enhanced somewhat by the fact that Hayne sat in the front seat with Miss Barnabee who drove her own car. They all returned to the hotel in high spirits. He was sitting at the Barnabee's table now at the invitation of the charming mother (for she was charming now) who had apparently taken a great fancy to her daughter's savior.

Had Hayne been thinking of logical topics when they rose from the supper table he would probably have decided that woman is possessed of more brains than man; otherwise there would not have been so many of them married, and Miss Bar-

(*Continued on page* 89)

THE KICKOFF

EVEN in their similar garb of moleskin togs and leather helmets they looked like strangers. Potsy Clark's powerful hump-backed figure wasn't there. Hal Pogue, with his face showing white in the sun like chalk as he waited far back, was missing. Jack Watson, wetting the tips of his fingers and talking nervously, wasn't in the line-up. Cap Squier's towering hulk wasn't visible at end, nor was Brenneman.

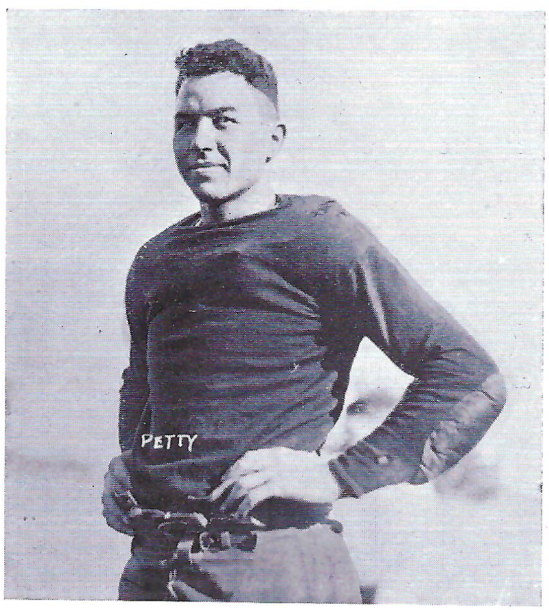
The whistle blew. It was the kickoff. The season had started and Illinois was on the way—to the championship? Well, perhaps. Not only was the old backfield on the gridiron broken up and gone, but most of the 1915 conceit was missing from the bleachers. No one had talked championship.

Kansas was easy and the rebuilt Illinois team had been inventoried. Sternaman, Charpier, and others of the new figures had loomed up. The line had looked better than last year. The backfield was not so spectacular, but through the whole machine there was a precision which had been less apparent in the 1915 aggregation. On the whole everyone was satisfied—even Kansas.

Those are the impressions which have stuck since the first game of the season. Saturday's tussle with Colgate changed them somewhat, but the consensus of opinion among the "Inner Gate" gang is that Illinois is off with a rush through Ohio and into the Conference season.

Ohio will be here Saturday with a gang of husky, hopeful, earnest football players. They will be a trifle chesty. They remember tying the game at Columbus last fall. They will know football. They will not be easily fooled. They are coached by Jack Wilce, flaxon-haired and persistent. Illinois will have to play football to win, and they will do it.

Far ahead looms Minnesota. Doc



Watch These Two Tackles, Mr. Camp

Williams has an unusually heavy team this season. His backfield is big and fast. Ballantyne is the lightest man. Only one game will be played away from Northrup Field, and that will be at Chicago. The Illinois-Minnesota game will be a reptition of last year's struggle for Conference supremacy, and foremost in the minds of every man on the squad, every fan in the bleachers, and every coach on the corps, is the session with the Gophers at Minneapolis, November 4.

Mr. Huff hopes that a special rate can be secured and the Illinois alumni at Minneapolis are trying hard to get funds to send the band up there. Minnesota will play on her own field, before her own people. It's up to Illinois to send a gang up there, to back the Illinois team. Let's go.

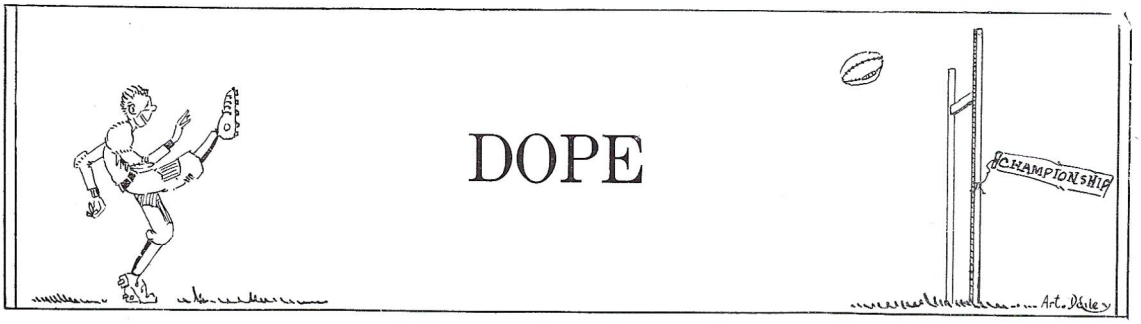
Colgate was able to give Illinois her first defeat in three years, but the game was not a triumph for eastern football over western football. Illinois was beaten by a well-seasoned team of veterans, hardened by seven weeks more training than Zuppke's men had.

Illinois gained as much territory on legitimate play as Colgate, but when Macomber had rushed his men within striking distance the aggressiveness of the offense could not increase in the same proportion as the sturdiness of the defense. Colgate has a reputation for fight away from home, and her team surely demonstrated it on Illinois Field.

The score did not indicate the relative merits of the two teams. Colgate had the edge on Illinois, but a 10-7 score would have been a more accurate ratio than the 15-3. The easterners had the breaks all the way through the contest, as one team often will have them. The next time it will be Illinois, perhaps.

Zuppke's reconstructed backfield did not handle the plays as brilliantly as the old quartet did. Macomber was the center of the play, with Knop figuring in every formation and Sternaman doing good service. Anderson's gameness cannot be questioned, and when he is well again he will break into the headlines.

Colgate gave Illinois the first real, hard tussle, and the defects of the early Illinois game were focused upon. Consequently Zuppke now has his team inventoried. Fans can hope for Illinois to conquer the conference, but it will not be through the dazzling work of a few men; hard driving football, with consistent plugging in games and rigid training between will be the Illinois program this year.



Perhaps no single season has seen so many freakish and distinctive records in football as last season. The 1916 guide shows a review of a remarkable year. Some new standards of skill were established and two world's records were smashed.

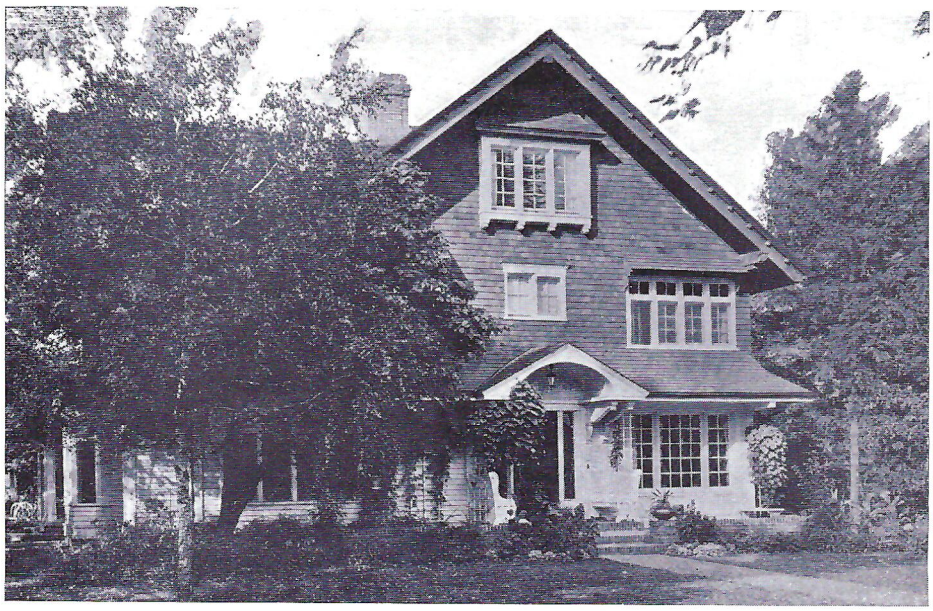
Alfred Griggs, Exeter (California) high school, kicked fifteen field goals in one game, setting up a new record. Mark Payne, Dakota Wesleyan, made a new drop kick record by scoring from a distance of sixty-three yeards. The former record was held by O'Dea, Wisconsin, who had been successful from the sixty-two yard distance.

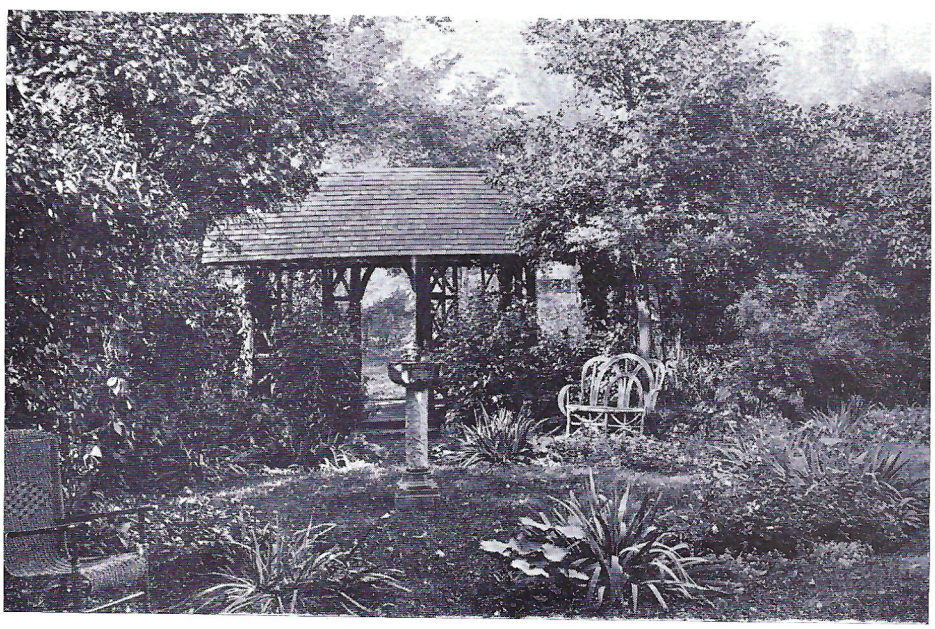
Vanderbilt's team scored 514 points against 38 for its opponents. Parke, Oklahoma, made 56 goals after touchdowns. Vandergraff, Alabama, made 11 goals from placement. McGuckin won three games for Villa Nova by his individual play. Driggs, Princeton, punted 76 yards. DeHart, Pittsburg, made a run of 105 yards. The highest punting average in any one game of the season was made by Driggs, Princeton. His punts averaged 55 yards. Macomber's performance in the Kansas game this year approached that mark.

The American team is having its share of success in the Stockholm meet this week. Simpson lowered the 110 meter hurdles Olympic record 10 14 4/5 seconds. Jo Loomis won the sprint. The American relay team, composed of Loomis and Ward, of Chicago, Fred Murray, of California, and Simpson, of Missouri, won the relay race.

The Second of A Series of Photographs of Faculty Homes

The Home of
Prof. James M. White
Supervising Architect of the University
716 W. University Ave.
Champaign





An architect's home, if he be fortunate enough to be able to carry out his own ideas and ideals, is always interesting. In the eyes of the multitude he is a keen critic of beauty.

In the home of Professor James M. White we have a real architect's ideal. First of all it is a home. But after that it is a splendid piece of design and construction, and a setting for landscaping, unusually harmonious.

The front entrance to the house, with the covered doorway is shown in the first illustration. A view of the house and another of the pleasant garden, with its little fountain and summer house follows.

The feature of the living room is a great fireplace, set in a nook at one side. The mantle is of dull green tile and hand carved oak. There is a heavy beamed ceiling and Tiffany finished walls. The lighting fixtures are colonial. The photograph shows the living room with a view of the hall and sun room beyond.

My River

My river flows right past our house
  Where I can see it all the day;
And often I go down to its bank
  When Mother says that I may play.

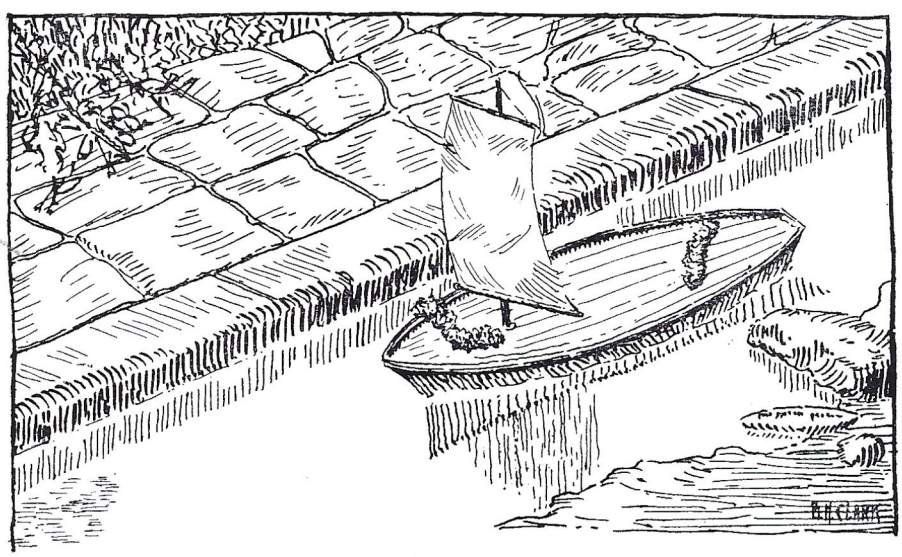
Why, ships from every foreign land
  Sail down this pretty stream of mine!
And sailors too—and pirates bold,
  Go sailing by on boats so fine.

One frigate large, with sails outspread,
  Comes scooting past before the breeze;
While in the bow, with head erect,
  There stands the master of my seas.

But when the sun smiles down, so hot,
  My river disappears from view,
My boats and skiffs pass out of sight
  And pirates bold—I lose them too!

For you see, my river really is
  The gutter in a busy street;
And those bad robbers, nothing but
  The caterpillars robins eat.

—*Bayard H. Clark*



WHAT'S THE CHANCE?

A Survey of Opportunities in Student Activities at Illinois, By Men Who Have "Arrived"

U. of I. Footlights

SCOTT McNULTA
President, Mask and Bauble

EDITOR'S NOTE—So-called college "activities" have formed the basis of a mooted question for years. When new men come to college, they are usually influenced for or against such activities. In the following articles, written by those who know from first hand experience what they are writing about, a presentation merely of the facts has been made in an attempt to guide those who may be uncertain what branch of these college activities they should get into. Without any attempt to argue the value of these activities, an unbiased discussion of what each activity means is made here with the hope of setting some puzzled freshman on the right track.

IT is safe to predict that during the present year there will be something doing in dramatics about once every two weeks. Interest in the drama was unusually healthy last year, and, from the reports to the Illinois Drama Federation made by the representatives of different organizations interested in such work, there is every reason to expect a more vigorous and virile activity this year.

Just how much was done last year? There were the two plays of Mask and Bauble—one light and one heavy; the two Shakespearian offerings of the literary society union; the Illinois Union opera; the Bernard Shaw comedy given by the Players Club; the plays presented by the German, French and Spanish clubs; and several less pretentious efforts. This, of course, is to say nothing of the Post Exam jubilee, the Girl's Stunt show, and the Glee and Mandolin club concerts.

Nor must one omit the beginnings in a kindred field. Last year the Scribbler's Club turned its attention to the writing of plays, with the understanding that Mask and Bauble might produce some of them informally. For various reasons, none of these skits were given, but there is every indication that the present year will see material accomplishments in this direction.

To a newcomer all this statement of the quantity of work being done may sound hollow because of his fear that he, not being connected with any club, may be overlooked. Such fear need have little weight at Illinois. There is, of course, the natural tendency of a coach to pick for leading parts, people in whose ability he has confidence. This is only the natural result of a coach's anxiety to be sure of a good production. But beyond this, everyone may be sure of a chance.

Mask and Bauble's casts are open to the University. Anyone is welcome to try out. The plays given by the literary societies are sometimes open to the University, and sometimes limited to the members of the societies. The casts of the Illinois Union operas are chosen from the men of the University at large. The plays given by the language departments are limited only to those whose knowledge of the tongue in question is sufficient.

From these facts it is evident that while some casts are picked from a limited class—that is, members of certain clubs—in all cases it is competition, and open competition which decides. One must mention the one exception from the student point of view, namely, the Players Club, which is composed of faculty members wholly.

With this wealth of activity, it is hard to see why any new student in the University cannot occupy his place on the stage during the school year. There is room, too, for the old student who has tried in the past and failed. Past failure should not deter the returning student, and the prospect of a minor part should not discourage the newly arrived thespian. We have all failed to get the part we wanted at one time or another; we have all had to take little parts. But it is a wonderfully enticing and engrossing art—this play acting—and the lively state of dramatic affairs which the past year witnessed should be even bettered as this year glides on toward Commencement.

Wouldst Declaim?

J. H. ARMSTRONG
Member, Board of Oratory and Debate

THE literary societies at Illinois exist primarily for developing ability along such lines as debating, oratory and dramatics. Incidentally they provide the chief form of social life for a considerable number of students. There are three men's societies, meeting on Saturday evenings in rooms on the fifth floor of University Hall. New men are urged to attend these meetings as they are open to all.

Membership in all these societies is by invitation. The members selected are not necessarily those who seem to have the most ability, but are men who will take an active interest in literary society work while they are in college.

The debating teams at Illinois are, by the nature of their work, closely allied with the literary societies. There are two Varsity debates each year; the first in December against Minnesota and Iowa, and the other in the spring against Wisconsin and Michigan. Places on these teams are secured through a series of competitive debates, whereby men are gradually eliminated until the six best remain. Anyone in good standing in the University may try for the fall teams, but only those with one year of college work may compete in the second event.

Forensic training such as is offered in literary societies and debate work was never more essential than now. Business men the country over are seeking for men who can not only store up knowledge, but who can also pass that knowledge on. They want men who can face a difficult customer and, by clear marshalling of facts, convince him. They want men who can stand before a board of directors and tell them, clearly and concisely, the conditions that exist in the corporation. The successful salesman is the man who can present his argument convincingly. The successful business man is he who can come in contact with his associates and impress them with his knowledge, his energy and his power.

It is in fields such as these that literary society and debate work offers a great opportunity. Men are trained to stand before audiences, to express themselves clearly and to convince. On the debate teams men are trained under the guidance of able and competent instructors, to face large problems, to analyze them minutely and to organize in a presentable and convincing form, the facts which they have learned. In every phase of life there are gigantic problems to be solved and the task of solving them is waiting for trained men.

How About Journalism?

MILTON G. SILVER
Editor, The Daily Illini

IF I wanted to really know my university from knowledge obtained at first hand; if I wanted to be in touch with college activities, to know the leaders and to lead myself; if I wanted to get in some activity which would be an actual help to me in my studies, my general knowledge, and my all-around usefulness — then I would select journalism in one of its phases for my extra-curriculum activity.

"College activities don't amount to a thing," a member of the faculty once told me. And he believed it too. He had never indulged in any activity while in college—which may or may not account for the fact that at the age of 44 he is holding down a $1200 job. But the term "college activities" is rather broad. Study is a college activity, though some of us are almost absolutely inactive in that particular branch. Moreover, study is the primary activity, for unless we indulge in it with a certain amount of regularity, we never shall be able to get into anything else. This activity, then, we shall dismiss, granting it first place in every sense of the word. Study is what we came for, and study me must—or take the other alternative and get out.

Of the extra-curriculum activities there are many, as is pointed out in the other articles here appearing. I for one believe the greatest of these is journalism. In this branch, too, one has a rather wide field from which to select. Be he funny (real or so-called) there's the Siren. The amateur illustrator, cartoonist—or even the more dignified *artist*—would probably find the Siren the best outlet for his surplus energies. If one cares to write on the more serious things, or if he has the O. Henry touch, the Illinois Magazine is the natural medium for his productions. Or if technical subjects appeal to one, then he will surely be welcomed to the staffs of the Agriculturalist, the Technograph, or the Illinois Chemist.

But if you, Mr. Freshman, just love art for art's sake, and writing for writing's sake, and if the smell of printer's ink and the click-click-click of the linotype machine take you into the seventh heaven, then your place is on the Daily Illini.

Journalism, I believe, really offers the best chance for actual improvement of one's time. There are returns in experience and in the coin of the realm; there is the sense of satisfaction of seeing one's own "stuff" in print; there is that joy which comes with the realization that one is really in touch with things, is a part of the great University machine. The problems which one meets in college journalism are nearly identical with those with which he will come in contact outside of college. News-gathering for the Illini certainly is only a step removed from news-gathering for any other paper, and the managing editor of the Illini will probably hold his cubs to the same "strict accountability" as will the managing editor of the city sheet.

"But it takes talent," you say.

Well, no, not necessarily talent, but certainly some ability to express one's thoughts clearly, forcefully, and in a journalistic style. These things can be acquired if one is willing to work, and there is the keynote to success in college journalism—Work. Don't go out for a place on any of the publications unless you expect to work. If journalism is the most interesting, most valuable, and most profitable of college activities, then it is also the most exacting in time and effort. But the rewards are many, and the effort is worth while.

Athletic Managers

BY N. McK. KNEISLY, '14
Ex-Baseball Manager

POLITICS don't enter the men's gymnasium, and any jobs which are handed out from there come as a reward of merit. This is a well known fact about the campus, and is one of the strongest points in favor of the branch of activities known as managerships. Six managers are elected each year by the Athletic Board of Control, and these managers in turn become members of that board. The managers are of the Varsity sports—football, baseball and track, and of the Interscholastic, circus and interclass athletics. They hold their positions during the senior year.

The selection of managers comes purely as a reward of work, inasmuch as no special qualifications are required. Competition starts at the beginning of the sophomore year, when as many as wish may try out for any of the jobs. At the end of this first year, two are chosen from those trying to serve as assistant managers in their particular sport during the junior year, and at the end of the junior year one of the assistants is elected manager.

Competition, pure and simple, then, is the basis on which the managers are chosen. Each man trying out keeps an accurate record of the amount and kind of work he does at the gymnasium, this information is filed away on cards, and the cards are examined in electing the assistants or the managers.

There is no branch of activity which occupies a much higher place than the managerships from an undergraduate point of view, except possibly the wearers of the "I". Of the rewards beyond those of mere "fame," there are the trips with the team for the sport managers, "I M" caps for all the managers, and a membership on the Athletic Board of Control, which is the ultimate authority in all athletic matters. For one whose inclinations would not lead him into any particular line, the athletic managerships afford an interesting and a valuable branch of work. There is valuable experience to be obtained, and there is adequate reward for the one who does come through with the "big job."

Politics and Friendship

"HELLO Bill." "Hi Jack." Truly nothing can really mean more to a man than to be able to walk down the street and meet his friends, friends whom he knows well enough to call by their first names, friends who have been commonly interested with him in some project, who have worked for an end as he has worked for it, shoulder to shoulder.

Setting aside for the moment the accepted fact that we are here for the fundamental and primary purpose of endeavoring to absorb some small share of this world's knowledge, the one phase of college life which looms up most prominently is the cultivation of friendships. In after life when many of the incidents and happenings of one's school life have been pushed aside into a mere hazy recollection, the friends one knew at school remain as the most lasting monument to those four blithesome years.

There are various methods for cultivating friendships, but school politics probably stand out as the most successful way. Contrary to the general opinion, school politics occupy a sphere of supreme importance. They are perhaps not as glaring a form of activity as are athletics, but on the other hand are more deep seated. They run as an undercurrent among the hordes of students, in which undercurrent a few men represent the bottom and the sides of the stream, ever present, stable, containing and guiding the course of the stream, shaping its destinies and giving it whatever character it possesses.

It is in this undercurrent that one really comes most closely in contact with the pulsating life of the average student, where one learns to know him, and develops the capacity for bringing him to one's side in whatever the struggle.

This last sentence sounds the keynote to the real worth of college politics. To be able to meet men, to know them, to exercise an influence over them and still retain them as friends is truly a characteristic worth developing, a trait which, if properly developed, will prove of inestimable value in later years. In doing this, it is impossible not to acquire some degree of tact, some degree of foresightedness, some idea of the best means of attaining an end.

In conclusion it might be said that honesty must be indelibly stamped upon every movement, upon every word. A promise is a promise, once and for all. A promise broken is the surest way to unpopularity and the loss of one's entire goal, to ridicule and dislike. Unless a man, in his dealings with his fellow men, is honest, his life is a failure. So it is in school politics.

Interclass Athletics

J. H. POWERS
Manager, Interclass Athletics

MANY freshmen have some hesitancy about going out for freshman varsity athletics and many more are not given places on these teams. To such men, class athletics afford opportunities which no freshman who is interested in sports should pass up. Opportunity for activity in every branch of athletics is afforded in class athletics.

In the fall, the classes compete in football, soccer and track; during the winter, swimming and basketball; and in the spring, baseball and track. The only men barred from these teams are "I" men of that particular sport and men who have won a college letter before coming to Illinois. For this reason, the competition for places on the different teams and among the different teams is very keen.

The football season opens at the end of the third week of school and from that time on there is a scheduled game for each Friday, each team playing each other class team one game. On the Friday before Homecoming, the championship is decided on Illinois field before many hundred homecomers and the Hobo Seniors. The champions are awarded blue sweaters by the Athletic Association and the other teams are awarded sweaters of their class colors by their respective classes.

The soccer season is going on at the same time as the football season. The competition in this sport is even keener than in football owing to the fact that there is no Varsity team. Jerseys are awarded to the different members of the teams by their respective classes.

Directly after Thanksgiving, basketball and swimming take the places of football and soccer. Four class teams from each of the L. A. S., Ag. and Engineering colleges compete in the same class until the latter part of January. Then the class coach picks from these three college teams an all-college class team which competes against the other three all-college class teams for the championship. The Athletic Association awards the championship all-college class team jerseys; the other teams are awarded jerseys by their respective classes. A man who plays on a college team of his class and does not make the all-college class team is awarded a class emblem by the Athletic Association.

Swimming affords amusement to a great number of men. An Interclass meet is held just before Christmas. Class teams are organized in the swimming events and in water basketball, these teams competing for the championship. The swimmers are awarded medals for their services; the men obtaining the three highest number of points in their respective classes, receive gold, silver and bronze medals from the Athletic Association.

About the first of April, track and baseball begin their seasons. Track, however, has a session in the fall when two meets are staged. The first of these is an Interclass open meet, the winners of which receive ribbons; the second is the Fall Handicap meet for which all men are eligible. Medals are awarded as prizes. During the first week in May, the Spring Interclass meet is staged, medals being awarded to the winners by the Athletic Association. Any man who wins a total of seven points in any or all of these three meets is entitled to be granted a jersey by his respective class.

Baseball is worked on the same principle as basketball in the fact that college teams first play against each other and then the all-college class team is organized to compete against the other classes. The championship class team is awarded jerseys by the Athletic Association and the other teams are awarded jerseys by their respective classes. The championship class team is required to play a series of three games with the Freshman Varsity in order to receive their jerseys.

The spirit for which Illinois is noted is to a great extent an outgrowth of a wholesome spirit of class rivalry. It creates a feeling of goodfellowship obtainable in no other way among individual members of each team. And now that "push ball" and the "sack rush" have been abolished, there is a greater opportunity to settle the rivalry of the under classes by different branches of class athletics. So, in settling this rivalry, we further this great spirit of democracy and goodfellowship which makes Illinois famous.

Reactions

M. H. Robinson:

"All we'll have to do in Heaven is to sit down and play one of these little Hawaiian instruments and gaze at the beauties of the clouds."

E. C. Hopkins:

"We will do our best to eliminate dust and stags from Student Council dances."

Dr. F. W. Scott:

"The newspaper is the offspring of the morganatic union of the aristocratic essay and the low-brow periodical."

R. C. Zuppke:

"I lay down two training rules for football players: Don't dance and don't smoke."

BETWEEN DANCES

CATHERINE NEEDHAM

"WHERE shall we go to eat, Hilda? It's pretty crowded out on the porch."

"Let's sit here on this window seat. French windows and moonlight form an irresistible combination after one has been dancing, don't you think?"

"M-hm," grunted the boy, trying to balance his plate on his knee. "Say, that last dance was certainly a corker! Don't forget you promised me the next one, too. Because, you know," he concluded with a mock-tragic air, "we may not have a chance to dance together many more times."

"Why not? Are you going to commit suicide or get engaged?"

"Nope. I'm going camping with a bunch of fellows the minute school's out. We're going to rough it: tents, campfires, hunting—all that sort of thing. There's a dandy lake for canoeing, too.—That reminds me, Steve Carter hasn't come yet."

Hilda's fingers tightened for an instant around the spoon she was holding. Then, without turning her head from the window, she murmered in a tone of polite interest:

"Stephen Carter! Is he coming here tonight?"

"Yes. He promised me the key to his canoe locker. He's going to sell it to me on the installment plan — the canoe, I mean, not the key. It's a dandy! Ever see it? —There, I don't believe you've heard a word I said. And why don't you eat your ice?"

Hilda turned toward him a face grown curiously alight.

"Oh," she explained gaily, "I'm spending the evening in fasting and prayer. Who could eat on a night like this, with the cherry trees in bloom out there in the moonlight? Look at them! Aren't they the loveliest things in the world?"

"M-hm, they are nice," the boy acquiesced politely, making such an obvious effort to rearrange his expression of amazement into one of intelligent sympathy, that Hilda broke into sudden laughter.

"Please go on about the canoe," she urged, with a deprecatory little gesture. "How does it happen that he's selling it?"

"Oh, haven't you heard yet? He is starting for Europe tomorrow."

"Oh!" Hilda's hand flew to her throat, and her eyes darkened.

"Yes, he just heard this morning, for certain," continued the boy. "He's been offered a position as assistant to a Herman —Herman—something or other—I've forgotten his name. But Steve says he's one of the greatest scientists in the world, and it would be an honor to work for him for no salary at all. —What are you looking at out there, a ghost?"

"Oh, nothing." Under a forced lightness of tone there lurked a note of excitement or pain. "I was just thinking how fast the moon must be traveling across the sky. We can't see it from here. But it is shining upon that little white stone porch which leads down into the garden. And look, how the shadow of the wall goes creeping, creeping across it. I wonder how long it will be before it reaches the edge."

"Dunno," responded the boy cheerfully. "Perhaps Steve Carter could tell you; he knows all about such things. Ask him when he comes."

"Yes," she answered, with a queer little smile, "I dare say, Stephen Carter is the one person in the world who can tell me."

Just then a screen door slammed and a group of people went chattering and

laughing past the dimly lighted alcove.

"There he is now!" exclaimed the boy, jumping to his feet. "If you could excuse me just a minute—"

"Run along; don't mind me," admonished Hilda, as he glanced back at her irresolutely. "Here comes Marjorie; we can amuse each other."

But the two girls did not seem to feel the need of amusing each other. For a long time they sat silent, Marjorie's eyes fixed on the moonlit cherry blossoms outside, Hilda's on Marjorie's face.

"I have been wanting all evening to talk to you, Hilda," began Marjorie at length, speaking slowly, and pausing between her sentences. "I always want to come to you when things go wrong.—And I tell you things that I never mention to my mother or sister. I don't know why—I used to wonder if you had had some trouble in your life; but you never told me."

"No," answered Hilda, after a pause. "Nothing ever happens to me. That's the reason I can save all my sympathy for my friends. For we are friends, I think, Marjorie," she went on with sudden tenderness. "We haven't seen each other very often this past year, but I have thought of you a great deal. Sometimes I think I would be willing to give up anything, all my own chance for happiness, if it could buy yours. But if I can't help you, I can at least listen."

"There isn't much to tell besides what you know. You remember 'Parmy'?"

"Yes."

"We heard from him today. It was the announcement of his marriage."

"To the same girl—"

"—That he was engaged to for so long. He was too honorable to break it. And although he never said a word to me, I shall always believe that he really cared."

Just at that moment a strange little impulse—called into being perhaps by a fancied tinge of complacent self-conceit in Marjorie's manner, or by the awakening of the primitive feeling of jealousy which one woman feels for another, or by an instinct allied to that which leads us to rub viciously upon an itching wound—an impulse to hurt Marjorie in some way—came wriggling from the depths of Hilda's sympathy.

"Perhaps now you can sympathize with Max Smith and the others who have fallen in love with you and have been refused," she said, in a tone ever so slightly acid. "You never seemed much broken up over *their* lives. You felt flattered, but you looked upon them as a species of amiable imbeciles."

If her undefined intention was to startle Marjorie out of her shell of egoism, she succeeded. Marjorie's eyes showed surprise and a kind of perplexity.

"No," she said slowly, "I don't believe I ever did really think about their side of it. But anyway, I couldn't marry them if I didn't love them, could I?"

"Of course not," Hilda chimed in, all sympathy again. "I didn't mean that you were at fault at all. Only it does seem too bad that all of us should spend our lives longing for the unattainable, while other people are longing for us."

But Marjorie was not to be diverted by generalities. She did not often have new ideas, but when she did she followed them up tenaciously until she had resolved them into plans of action.

"I'm glad you made me think of it, Hilda. Do you know what I'm going to do?" she asked, her face lighting up with sudden resolve. "If ever another man asks me to marry him, — a good man who really loves me,—I'm going to say yes. There is no use for both of us to go sulking through life because we can't marry the people we want to. I can make a good home for him, anyway. And if I can't learn to love him, I'll pretend that I

do. If I can bring happiness to one person," she concluded, her eyes shining with the ecstacy of martyrdom, "surely my life will not be utterly wasted."

Hilda felt somehow that her random shaft had overshot the mark. But she repressed her vague feeling of uneasiness and guilt, made no remonstrance to Marjorie; the strongest arguments would have fallen to the ground before a doctrine propounded with such sweet earnestness.

As the girls sat in silence for a moment, Hilda's eyes fell upon the little white porch. The shadow had crept halfway across. And then —

Hilda felt, almost before she saw, that Stephen Carter was coming toward them.

"May a mere man intrude upon you a few minutes?" With scarcely more than a glance at each of them in turn, Stephen produced the illusion of having bowed low with a hand on his heart. It was an art that defied analysis; or, rather, no art at all, but simply a boyish deference, a very spirit of old-fashioned chivalry, which made itself felt in his manner. "How's your headache, Marjorie?"

"Much better, thanks to Hilda's medicine."

"Indeed! So Hilda's doctor as well as quite a number of other things? (Again the illusion of the bow). You don't mind my calling you Hilda?"

"Of course not—since we've known each other since we were in the grades."

"It's queer, though, isn't it," broke out Stephen, "that we haven't seen more of each other all these years? I shall have to make up for lost time tonight."

"In that case," interrupted Marjorie rising, "I think I'll leave you two. I'm going out on the porch again."

"Have you noticed anything strange about Marjorie tonight?" asked Stephen of Hilda, following Marjorie with worried eyes. "She hasn't been a bit like herself all day. We live next door, you know, and I've been in and out a dozen times since I got the letter from Europe this morning. But she seems to try to avoid me, for some reason or other. I begin to think I have offended her in some way."

"No, it's not that," Hilda reassured him. "It's just a bit of bad news she received this morning about an old friend."

"Oh, that's too bad. But I'm glad *I'm* not the guilty party. We've been mighty good friends. I even went so far once," he confessed with a smile, "as to try to marry her off to a chum of mine."

"This certainly is a glorious night," he continued after a pause, as he stared out into the moonlight. "Look at those cherry blossoms! Don't they — don't they *do* something to you?" He laughed apologetically. "I don't know what's the matter with me tonight. I suppose it's the saying good-bye to so many people. I hope you're not laughing at me? But I don't believe you'd do that; would you?"

"Laugh! I'm only too glad to find a man who can occasionally think in cherry blossoms instead of paving stones."

"Oh, men are still as sentimental as they ever were, though they hide it pretty well. It's the modern women who have put the quietus on romance. I don't believe there are any Juliets or Rosalinds now-a-days. Oh, I admit the modern woman's superiority over the simpering, fainting female of 'ye olden tymes'; but the fact remains that women don't fall in love the way they used to. They are simply too intelligent," he concluded with a whimsical smile, "to see anything wonderful or awe-inspiring about ordinary man."

"You are wrong, all wrong!" flared Hilda, with a sudden warmth that surprised herself as well as Stephen. "It is you men who are blind and deaf and dumb. You go running after girls who don't care two pins about you, or else you bury yourself in your work, while all the time some girl is worshipping you like a god; and she must sit still and let you go around the

world away from her, without a word! Oh, yes, you admire your Juliets and your deserted Marianas when you meet them in a volume of poetry, and then you shut your book and walk straight past your own Mariana every day, without so much as a glance at her!"

"Hilda!" cried Stephen, carried out of his after-dinner complaisance by her passionate excitement. "What do you mean? You don't sound as if you were talking generalities—you act as though you meant that *I*—do you really know a Mariana? Who is she?"

A panic seized upon Hilda. He was very close to her; so close, she thought, that her eyes must tell him what her lips left unsaid. —Well, why not, since she had gone so far, tell him the truth? She wanted to tell him, as she had never wanted anything before, but she could not. She could not break the old, old feminine habit of waiting and holding her peace. If Fate willed that he should love her, so be it; if not, she had still her pride.

"I—I didn't mean anything," she gasped out, hardly conscious of what she was saying. "But other girls, you know, have a habit of telling me their troubles."

There was a long moment of silence. Then, without a word, Stephen turned and left her. Hilda sat staring blankly out into the night, her brain a turmoil, every nerve pulled taut. She noticed presently, with a kind of shock, that the creeping shadow on the white porch was only a few inches from the edge. Somehow, she had felt that the shadow, the moon, the whole world had stood still while she talked to Stephen. The slow but resistless advance of the shadow seized upon her with a chilling fascination. She was afraid to turn her eyes from it, lest some dark unknown shadow should engulf her too.

After a little while—she did not know how long—she turned and saw Stephen and Marjorie standing before her. Before the strange light in their faces, her heart leapt suddenly and then stood quite still.

"We wanted to tell you first of all," said Marjorie, crossing to her and softly kissing her cheek. "I have just promised to marry Stephen. I think we are going to be very happy. I shall try to do my part." She looked into Hilda's eyes for understanding and approval.

"And I mine," echoed Stephen solemnly, his face shining with the same high resolve which glowed in Marjorie's. He looked over her shoulder at Hilda as if registering a vow; and when he shook her hand he murmured something which sounded like "Thank you."

"We are going home now to break the news to the two families," he said aloud. "Ready, Marjorie?"

Hilda sat gazing wildly after them. One by one the events of the past half hour ranged themselves in order and fell into place. *She* had done this! She had perpetrated this colossal blunder upon the two people she loved and upon herself!

She repressed a desire to burst into wild laughter. It was the funniest thing she had ever heard of! It was so funny that it tore at her heart with ruthless iron claws, and sent the blood pounding to her brain and the world whirling round before her in circles of fiery stars. From somewhere the strains of the 'Blue Danube' waltz smote upon her ears with an intolerable poignant sweetness. She flung her arm across her face as if to shut it out, and leaned far out of the window.

When she dropped her arm, her eyes fell upon the little stone porch.

"Come on, Hilda. They are beginning to dance again," pleaded a voice close behind her.

"See," said Hilda. And each word fell from her a dead weight. "It is all dark now. The shadow has reached the very edge."

"M-hm," said the boy.

We Hand It To —

SCOTT McNULTA

Because we just naturally have to, because he invented cheering at Illinois and is making it a Conference tradition, and because his energy is helping to make dramatics a really worthy University institution.

MILTON G. SILVER

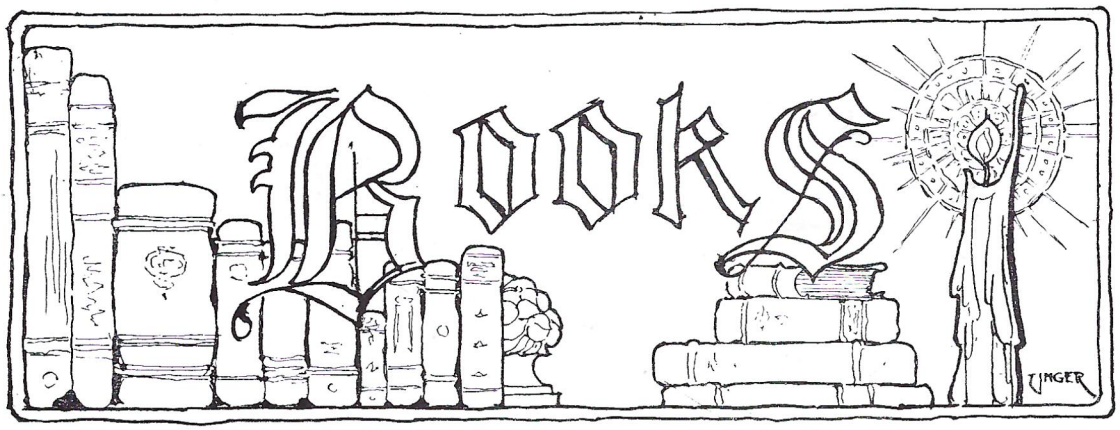
Because his modesty forced us to get this picture from a friend, because he's making six columns grow where only five sprouted before, and because he is giving Illinois the best college daily in America.

J. LAWRENCE ERB

Because he makes popular music good and good music popular, because he's both a good fellow and an artist, and because about a dozen student musical organizations would be completely lost without him.

M. ANNA WILSON

Because her one year as Y. W. C. A. Secretary at Illinois has secured her a place in the hearts of Illinois women, and because she has made her position second only in importance to that of the Dean of Women.



The word "directory" usually brings to mind a ponderous volume of uninteresting data reposing on a dusty shelf not generally accessible. The University of Illinois directory, with a foreword by President James, a thirty-two page historical sketch and sixteen pages of assorted illustrations, is just a little different. Much interesting information is embodied in the description of Illini, past and present, including the fact that one Illinois co-ed is now a circus rider. Geographically speaking, the directory says there are 20,615 students and alumni from Illinois and 34 from Shanghai, China, by way of contrast. Alphabetical and geographical lists aid in conveniently locating any person listed in the book. Compilers of the book have exercised unusual care in recording accurate information, although a few errors are found in this first edition.

University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana, 1916, Dr. V. V. Phelps, editor. ($2 to those whose names appear in book; $5 to others.)

Do you believe that fat men do not make leaders of men? If you have an opinion on this subject, supplement it with what Enoch Burton Gowin has to say about the difference of the executive from ordinary men in size, weight, intellect and personality in the first part of his 349-page book, "The Executive and His Control of Men." The book presents an analysis of executive efficiency from the psychological standpoint. It has three distinct parts, the first dealing with the individual executive himself, the second with his domination of the organization and the third with the limitations under which he labors. The material regarding executives is said to be based largely on data furnished by executives themselves. Perhaps too much significance is given to executives of super-normal size and weight, but the author recognizes the fact that all men are not created equal and that leadership is essential in any organization where efficiency is to prevail.

Macmillan, New York, 1915. ($1.50).

The ambitious, red-blooded reporter who is relegated to a desk job often believes that it means oblivion. The bright star of success upon which he has been gazing seems to fade away. To reconcile him to the fact that the dreaded copy editor's position is not only as interesting, but is even more conducive to ultimate success, Grant Milnor Hyde, instructor in journalism at the University of Wisconsin, has published the combination text and inspiring guide which goes under the general title "Newspaper Editing." In its pages he attempts to throw a luster about

the routine work of the copy editor and the copy reader; he shows clearly the way which if pursued will net the reader a comprehension of his responsibilities and a joy in a thorough knowledge of his field.

Several departures from the usual material in published books of this type are embodied in the latter part of the contents: a chapter on type, a heretofore neglected part of the copy editor's education, a list of significant dates in the history of the art of printing and the development of the newspaper. A style sheet occupies the last chapters. To those interested in newspaper work the book has an instructive and inspiring message.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1915.

"The Coming Newspaper," edited by Merle Thorpe, professor of journalism at the University of Kansas, is a compilation of significant addresses made at a national newspaper conference at the University of Kansas under the auspices of the department of journalism, which is doing commendable service in standardizing newspaper practices and in giving to the working newspaper profession a sense of higher obligation to the public. Probably the most notable preachments in this book are those by Dr. Washington Gladden on "Tainted Journalism" in which he yokes up the business of journalism with the ministry of service, and points out some of the glaring faults of present-day newspapers, and the ringing message of Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the New York Evening Post. But the entire book is full of good things of interest to every forward-looking newspaper man and every student of journalism who desires to know something of the influence and ideals that are making over the journalism of tomorrow.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1915.

To Belgium

O wretched Belgium! How thy fields are marred,
Where recently thy sons were wont to toil.
Thy peaceful towns, since made invaders' spoil,
Now lie in hopeless ruins, burnt and charred!
On every side we see thy country scarred,
As round thee closer winds War's deadly coil
Till every scene bears witness of the moil,
And calls with mute appeal for man's regard.
When kings recall their weary, worn-out corps,
And scenes of war shall in oblivion sink;
When man shall be at peace with man once more,
And battles be but things of printers' ink,
Still will poor Belgium represent a vain
Dumb sacrifice to man's material gain.

—*Marcelle Laval.*

The Illinois Magazine

HAL M. PAGE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Editor*
HAZEN L. ALBAUGH - - - - - - - - - - - *Business Manager*

Volume 8 NOVEMBER, 1916 Number 2

EDITORIAL STAFF

S. M. RAPHAELSON, K. D. PULCIPHER, A. S. VAN DEUSEN, JR. - *Assistants*
CARLETON HEALY - - - - - - - - - - - - *Athletic Editor*
FLORENCE LINDAHL - - - - - - - - - - - *Woman's Editor*
ZELOMIA AINSWORTH - - - - - - - - - - - - *Assistant*

BUSINESS ASSISTANTS

D. M. CHALCRAFT - - - - - - - - - - - - W. H. ANDERSON

Published monthly by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Office, University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscription, 75 cents per year. Out of town subscriptions, one dollar. Single copies, ten cents.

A CHANCE FOR ARGUMENT

Taken on the whole, no activity will long endure without performing some service commensurate with the time, labor and expense which it involves. Judged by this standard it is doubtful if class politics will long survive in the favor of the powers that be or of the students themselves.

Indications of a rather tense situation are found in the increasing number of restrictions which have been placed on the conduct of elections, and the growing difficulty of arousing sufficient interest to secure a genuine contest in all fields.

Which brings us to the question: Why are class politics? Why to run class functions; the prom or the cotillion and the smokers and such. Also, it might be added, to provide free stationery and tickets and rather empty honors for the men who line up with the successful candidate and get their names on the class stationery. Then there are the legitimate reasons advanced by the anonymous author of the article on politics and the argument that some people just naturally like to dig in the dirt.

The chances are that Ma-wan-da, the student council, the Illinois Union or class executive committees could stage parties and smokers and do it more economically than it has ever been done, or will be done, even with the student council's excellent new ruling. Managers for class teams and Illio jobs might better be chosen by competition anyway, so it is hard to see where the University or student life would be the loser by the change.

Hopkins and his council promised much in regard to politics. Much of what was promised and fulfilled; what was not was due in no way to inactivity or lack of desire on the part of the president of the student coun-

cil. But until things are cleared up by putting into politics only the important things such as councilmen and Illinois Union officers, here are two suggestions:

First: University discipline for the man who uses dishonesty in elections just as there is University discipline for the man who is dishonest in the class room or examination. The former is even more discreditable than the latter.

Second: Indoor elections where it will be impossible for too many interested onlookers and sub-rosa assistants to haunt the polls, even under the guise of officials; or else, election booths around the half way house. Either would make dishonesty considerably more difficult. Both would clean up politics a little more.

ABOUT CONTRIBUTIONS

By securing suggestions and contributions from a considerable number of students, The Illinois hopes to represent faithfully the life and conditions at Illinois and to present some indication of the literary talent of the student body.

Faculty men who should know, tell us that there are students at Illinois who can write and are writing for class work, fiction, verse and articles which should place The Illinois in a rank with the magazines of other Universities with whom we are on a par in other things.

So—The Illinois asks the opportunity of looking over any manuscripts or of hearing any ideas which you (second person singular) may have for it. It offers in return a serious consideration of every manuscript and the publication of those that seem most worth while. Short stories, brief essays, sketches and, perhaps, one-act plays are especially desired. Articles which do little more than chronicle or comment lightly upon current campus events are hardly within the field of this publication. If, however, they are really original, or present some really vital problem or phase of student life, then they are most acceptable. Above all, any ideas for the betterment of the magazine are treasures.

The office of the magazine is in Room 106 University Hall. The office hours are from 5 to 5:30 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from 4 to 5 on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

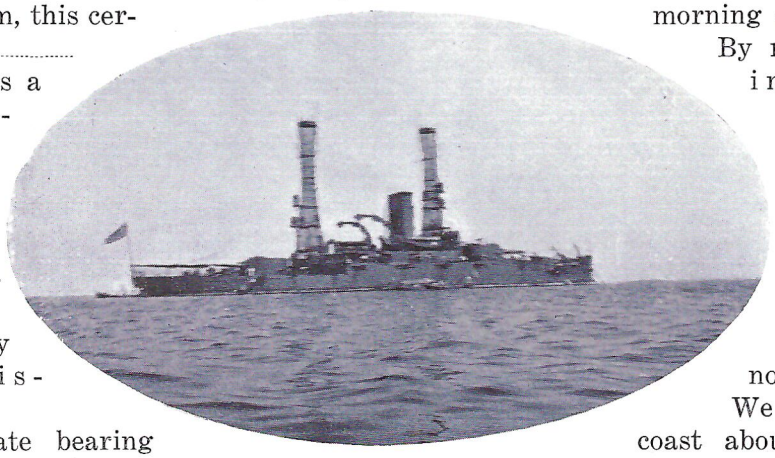
That a greater number may have an opportunity to compete, the complete staff will not be announced until the Homecoming issue of the Magazine.

In addition to those whose names are signed to contributions, the magazine is indebted to the following: To Mr. M. J. Curl for assistance in the revision of manuscripts; to C. H. Parkes, Dr. V. V. Phelps and K. D. Pulcipher for book reviews and to L. H. Gift, A. H. Gottschalk, P. C. Smith, M. F. Gift and M. F. Baldwin.

ON THE GOOD SHIP ILLINOIS

H. M. PAGE

"AS a testimonial of his fidelity and patriotism, this certifies that..... has served as a civilian volunteer on the U. S. S. Illinois, August 15, to September 15, 1916, and is hereby honorably discharged."



U. S. S. Illinois

A certificate bearing these words and signed by the commanding officer, F. A. Traut of the United States Ship Illinois, is a valued possession of ten Illinois men and a reminder of a vacation, not entirely unpleasant, spent as a rookie in Uncle Sam's navy.

Was it worth while? Is it worth while to have a more or less intimate knowledge of the organization and running of a ship, to know how to live comfortably on ship-board, to know how to man one of the big guns, to stand watch and be familiar with signaling or engineering or some other branch of work on a battleship. Is it worth while to be able to do a little for one's country if it should need help? Does a month of regular living in the open, out on the Atlantic, with plenty of exercise and sleep amount to anything? If you can answer these questions in the affirmative, the first cruise for civilian volunteers justified itself.

The Illinois party consisting of E. M. Frederick, G. S. Davidson, C. E. Turner, W. Wilkinson, F. H. Fisher, R. T. Elliot, N. F. Murray, C. L. Best, Bob Woelffer and the writer of this article met at the Portsmouth navy yards, Norfolk, Va., the morning of August 15. By noon we were in our navy whites and at three that afternoon the Illinois steamed out through Hampton Roads headed north.

We sailed up the coast about fifty miles from the shore line, with the Louisiana, which also sailed from Norfolk, in the lead. Early the third day we passed the Sayville wireless station, rounded the end of Long Island and anchored with the rest of the reserve fleet, already there, while the Louisiana boomed an admiral's salute in honor of the commander of the fleet, on the flagship Rhode Island. In line were the ships Rhode Island, Virginia, Maine, New Jersey, Kearsarge, Alabama, Louisiana and the Illinois.

On Saturday the fleet moved to Block Island, Rhode Island, just off the summer resort of that name. On Sunday afternoon we had our first shore leave and the town belonged to the sailors. Next day mobilization for the annual war game in which the reserve fleet was to defend the coast, started. Early in the morning lines of smoke came into sight and soon a squadron of battleships and torpedo boat destroyers and several submarines joined the fleet. During the day more arrived, including the aeroplane ship North Carolina, which soon sent out an air scout. Late in the day there were sixty ships at anchor,

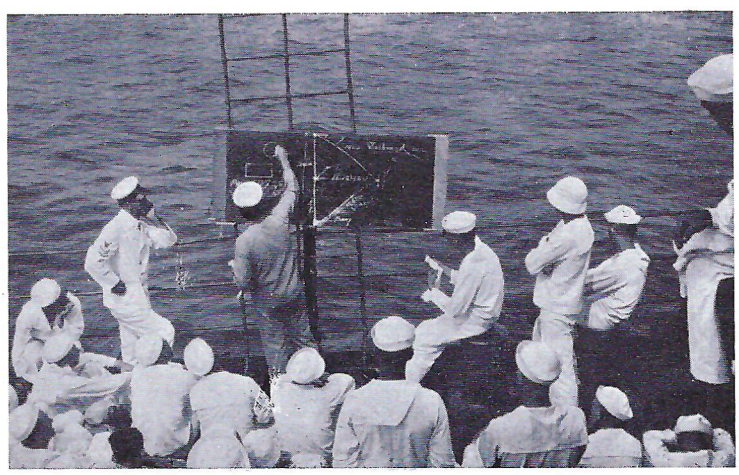
a rather reassuring sight in view of our supposed lack of preparedness. At night, lighted up and playing their great searchlights, the sight was worth the entire cruise to see.

Next day the war game started. The squadron separated and for a week we maneuvered at sea, on constant lookout for the enemy, and doing our part toward protecting the coast. But there was no chance. One morning a fleet of superdreadnaughts hove in sight, commenced fire and in fifteen minutes we were officially notified by the referee ship that we were sunk.

Hampton Roads, Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe was the next anchor. Here the civilians had shore drill inside the walls of Fortress Monroe and two days later set out for Tangier Sound where the fleet had a week's target practice with the three inch guns. This was the event for which all were training, and the scores proved that it is possible to teach rookies something in even three weeks.

A week at anchor off Cape May, N. J., with small boat drill, shore leave for a trip to Atlantic City, and considerable sport and fun with the sail boats and cutters occupied the remainder of the month, and we landed at Norfolk September 10.

This bare chronological outline of the trip will tell, in a way the nature of the cruise. It is given for the information of those men who may be inclined to take a try at the navy for a vacation trip next summer.



In the Class Room

More interesting is a recital of the daily routine. Every morning at two bells —cheer up, that is five o'clock—we were awakened by that most horrible of all noises, a bo'sn's voice: "All hands, arise and shine and pipe on deck for orders."

Twenty minutes to get into the white middies and trousers (no shoes yet) and to lash up and stow away the hammocks. Then just ten minutes to down a bowl of hot black coffee and grab a home-made cigaret, and we were ready for an hour's session cleaning decks and compartments.

Did you ever see a holy-stone? Briefly, it is a brick with a hole chipped out of one side in which a handle is inserted. This is applied briskly to a wet, sanded deck. It does the business. The decks are then dried with squeegees and mops. Breakfast was at 7:30, and in the hour between work and mess there was nothing to do but use the salt water shower and the half bucket of fresh water given out for washing.

After breakfast there was another session with bright work. Battleships would be half as costly and the navy a more attractive place if some gentleman from Iowa or Oklahoma or some place would introduce a bill prohibiting any brass work on government vessels.

Quarters, or drill, came at 9 o'clock. There was always Swedish exercise followed by gun practice, boat drill, watches, inspection trip over the ship or lectures.

These were the interesting periods of the day. Often, when we were at anchor, we would be taken to the flagship for a lecture by some naval authority. These trips were real events and the lectures were seriously worth while.

The same routine, practically, was followed during the afternoon. Several times we had small boat races with other ships of the fleet. Illinois is better at football and baseball than at rowing; we live too far from water, and Crystal Lake does not provide adequate facilities for practice.

In the evening there were usually movies on the quarter deck and music on the piano and phonograph. Often we had searchlight drill in spotting small boats which were sent out from the ships.

Four-thirty every afternoon brought that awful command: "Stand by to scrub and wash clothes." Then, dressed in swimming trunks, all the men broke out the washing gear on the fo'c's'le, (short for fore-castle and pronounced foxul with a long "o".) Directions for this little ceremony, as given by the company bo'sn himself were:

"Wet the clothes in your half bucket of fresh water, spread 'em flat on the wet deck, rub well with soap and scrub hell out of 'em with that brush. Then turn 'em over and do it again." That is what we did, although it involved getting down on hands and knees and was the hardest work of the day.

5:30 *A. M.—"Turn To"*

The crew, navy discipline and officers would keep one supplied with topics for rhetoric themes for a year. Some of the men of the crew and some of the petty officers—Chief Spuds, Maloney or old Szwickey with the plaintive voice—any of them would make a story. Then there are the funny incidents—we still laugh about them—the good fellows we met, from Cincinnati and Richmond and Kentucky and everywhere.

And the life on the ocean, the nights of calm and stars and sea and the days of work and the watches on the bridge—they give you a chance to think undisturbed. It's a great experience; that's all you can say.

I have heard naval officers and men who were on the cruise say that this first attempt of the navy at a floating Plattsburg was a failure. I have read the same statement in prominent newspapers and magazines, and yet I cannot agree that this is the case. It might have been infinitely more valuable had it been carefully planned and executed; anyone who has ever seen the navy day in and day out will have to agree with those who know that department best, that the navy has been badly disorganized internally since Josephus Daniels has been at the helm, but even lack of planning and execution could not overcome the really sincere work of splendid officers, sensible instructors and a willing ship's crew.

With the Co-ed

WHY IS A WOMAN'S LEAGUE?

FLORENCE LINDAHL

WITH the increase in the number of women students from year to year, the social problem at Illinois grows greater. The first duty of a university is to aid mental growth, but in order to do this it must offer wholesome recreation. This, of course, is not possible without a proper means for students to become acquainted. It would be comparatively easy if the dormitory system were in practice here, but great difficulties are encountered because of the scattered housing conditions.

For their members, fraternities and sororities take care of most of their social needs, although as yet it is only accident that they become acquainted with the non-fraternity element. Even this is much easier for men than women, for women do not have the great common interests of men.

Until 1915 there was no organization which pretended to urge non-sorority girls to know each other. Girls in one house might not even know the girls who lived next door. It was then, however, that the Woman's League constitution was adopted, and since then great strides have been taken forward. Every girl, by virtue of her registration, is a member and entitled to its privileges. The purpose of the league is to further the spirit of unity among the women of the university, to increase their sense of responsibility toward one another, and act as a medium by which the standards of the university may be kept high. With such a purpose, what woman would desire to be omitted from the membership lists?

Self-government is the keynote. Self-made rules and restrictions are always better kept than rules made by outsiders. In order to bind all university women together, units have been organized. These units consist of about twenty girls, all living in the same neighborhood. Meetings are held every Monday evening in order that the girls may have a voice in the university's problems and get acquainted with each other. These small groups work together with singleness of purpose that is remarkable. In order to bind all these small groups together, representatives from each group form an executive council. This council is vested with the real power of the League, although the units are for the purpose of administration.

Last year, the first year under this plan, saw a great development. Nearly all the units gave dances in the Woman's building and several gave faculty teas. One of the units was so well organized that it gave a stunt in the annual stunt show that compared very favorably with those given by much older organizations. This year greater advancement is expected. Now when the dance question is so pertinent, the Woman's League has offered its help. Without a doubt this is a step in the right direction. In a large institution like this, the student body should not be compelled to leave the campus to seek its amusement. Last year many women were indifferent to this self-government

organization. This year the woman who is not working for her unit and the entire system is hard to find.

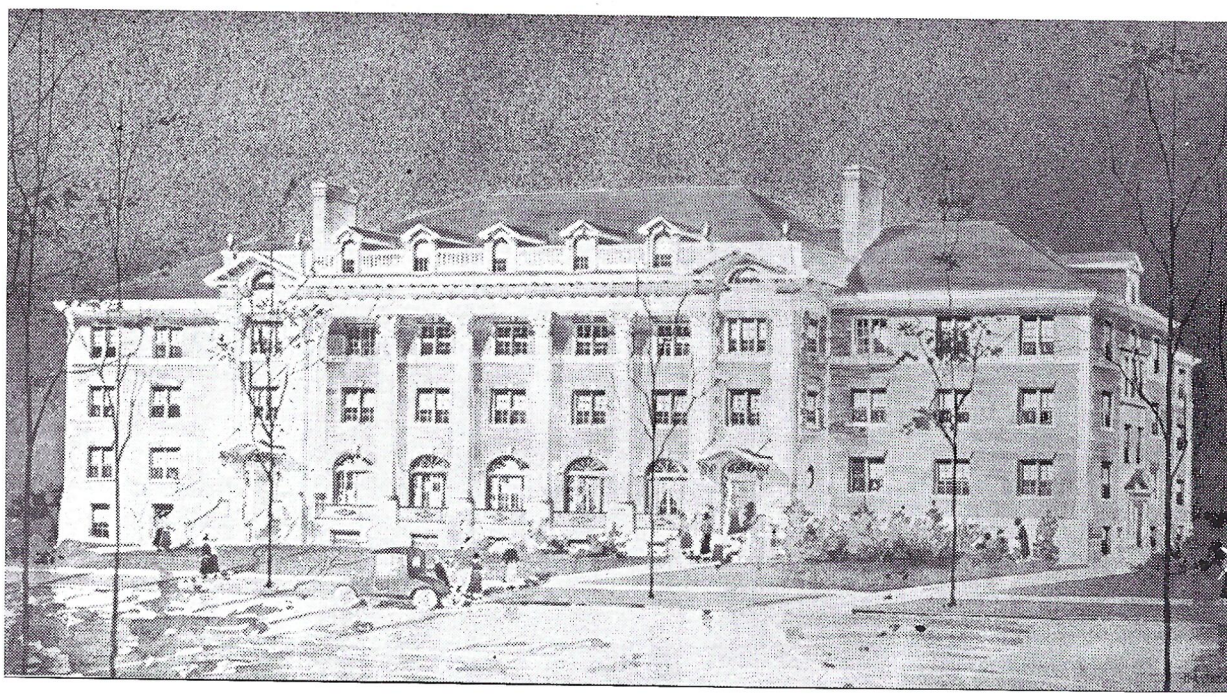
There is a large field for just such work. Girls like to show their appreciation of the good times men give them, but heretofore non-sorority girls have had no way to do this. Now, if all the plans are successful it will no longer be the case.

But the League means just as much to a sorority as to a non-sorority woman. The parties, teas, and meetings are hers as well, though she needs them less.

And the League can do much more for the women. It expects to grow to meet new demands. The grind, the flunker, and the lonesome girl will soon be impossibilities, for the League offers friends, advisers and recreation to every girl.

The aim of this University and of all modern co-education is to replace extreme, abnormal types, by wholesome, average, citizens who have learned co-operation and democracy—what the world demands—through conforming to one common standard, and in the accomplishment of this aim the Woman's League is becoming an increasingly important factor.

Illinois' First Residence Hall for Women



The cornerstone for the University's first residence hall for women will be laid on Saturday morning following exercises in the Auditorium. This is the event to which those interested in Illinois' growth as a co-educational institution have been looking for twelve years. It is epochal in many ways. It marks the new frontier of the campus. Now that the first hall will soon reach completion, it requires only a little vision to see the day when Nevada from the campus to the forestry—four blocks—will be a row of real homes for University women.

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

ZELOMIA AINSWORTH

"A PAIR OF SIXES" will hold the center of the stage in University dramatics for the coming month. This delightfully funny farce-comedy has been chosen by the Mask and Bauble chapter of the Associated University Players for its annual Homecoming production. Following its usual custom, the club is offering this work of E. Pepples as something possessing literary and dramatic merit which, however, is light and catchy enough to capture the attention and money of even the most seasoned theatregoer.

A feature of this play is its newness. Although "A Pair of Sixes" has to its credit long and successful runs in practically all the large cities of this country, it is but two years old and Mask and Bauble was extremely fortunate in being able to secure the manuscript for the fall play.

Another feature of the play is that it is *not* a star play, a "one-man show." The cast is made up of ten characters, four women and six men. Each role offers an opportunity for excellent acting and even the minor parts have many good lines. This is in accordance with the new policy of the dramatic club to present a play with several important characters and not one with but one or two "leads."

Mrs. C. A. Gille of Decatur, who will again coach the club's dramatic endeavors, is already known about the campus for the excellent work which she has brought forth in past productions.

The play is to be given on the nights of Friday and Saturday, November 17 and 18, probably at the Illinois Theatre.

There is reason to believe that it will be a success; for the comedy has been well-chosen and is the type of play that should please both the Homecoming "grads" and this year's "under-grads."

Two more plays are being produced on the campus this month. The Players Club, an organization composed of several faculty members and wives of the faculty, is bringing out J. M. Barrie's 'Rosalind" and Lady Gregory's "Work-House Ward." These plays are short, the first being but a one-act play and the second a two-act play.

They will be given the evening of November 13, the opening day of the convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois at the Auditorium. It is probable that the only spectators will be the delegates to the convention, for whom the playlets are being given, and members of the faculty of the University.

The cast for Rosalind is as follows: Charles, Mr. J. M. Phelps; Dame Quickly, Mrs. F. W. Scott; Rosalind, Mrs. T. A. Clark. In "Work-House Ward," the three roles are taken by Mr. T. E. Oliver, Mr. F. Kay and Mrs. Isabel Jones.

While the Star Course, properly speaking, is not carried on for strictly dramatic presentations, some mention should be made in this article of the appearance of Mme. Gadski. She is without a doubt one of the most popular sopranos on the American operatic and concert

Exclusive Millinery

McWILLIAMS & GLEIM

The Shop with the famous High Grade Personal Service

stages today.

Faculty members and a few of the "order of ancient seniors" will remember with a little thrill Gadski's appearance on the Auditorium stage four years ago. They will remember also the repeated encores given Brunnhelde's War Cry from Die Walkuere. This number is promised as a special request number of Gadski's concert at the Auditorium November 8.

Aside from University offerings, several current successes are booked for the coming month at the Belvoir and Illinois theaters.

AT THE BELVOIR

October 25—Chicago English Opera Company in Verdi's "Aida."
November 6-7—"The Runaways," a light operatic comedy presented by Emmanuel Episcopal Church of Champaign, featuring a number of campus comedians and dramatists.
November 8-9—"Experience."
November 16—Maud Allen and Company in Classical Dances.
November 22—"Bird of Paradise."

AT THE ILLINOIS

"Twin Beds" is announced as a coming attraction. The date has not been announced.

AT THE AUDITORIUM

November 8.—Mme. Johanna Gadski in concert.
November 20.—Russian Symphony Orchestra, matinee and evening.

CHICAGO THEATERS

Chicago theaters are presenting for this month:

Powers—John Barrymore in "Justice."
Olympic—John Mason in "Common Clay."
Princess—Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman."
Cort—"Fair and Warmer."
Garrick—"The Princess Pat."
Cohan's—Leo Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover."
Blackstone — "What's Your Husband Doing?"

The Keeper of the Leas

Show me the the lettered scholar who can scent delight
In Nature's artistry of radiant morning dawn,
Or in the house wren's splendid, vibrant throat, which,
Swelling, pours its medley forth upon the earth;
Or who can lift his eyes to leaves above and catch
The hint of autumn in the fabric of the trees;
Or view with quick'ning pulse the heaving of Old Ocean's breast,—
He is not in ruth a savant but a keeper of earth's leas.

—*Bayard H. Clark*

Urbana's Finest Millinery Store

The last word in Style and Service

You are always welcome to inspect our stock and make our store your headquarters when down town

Mrs. W. R. Barnhart
217 West Main Street

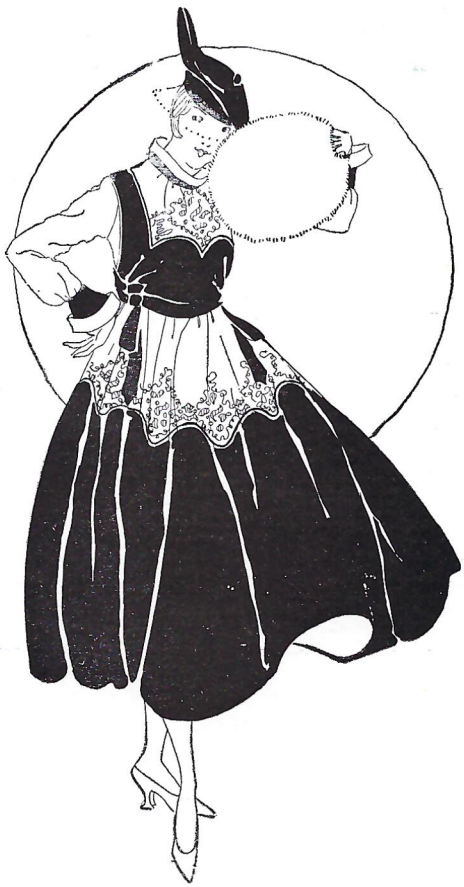
J.M. KAUFMAN AND COMPANY

WOMENS AND MISSES READY-TO-WEAR AND MILLINERY DEPTS.

To the Lady Students and members of the Faculty —

We cordially invite you to visit these departments when you are on a tour of inspection.

Whether you are in search of a street, evening, afternoon, party or school garment, we are sure we can satisfy your wants.



Dresses We carry a wonderful variety of Silk, Serge and Combination dresses, also those of fancy materials suitable for any kind of wear, ranging in price from

$10 - 12.50 - $15 up to $150

Suits All of this season's popular materials and stylish models, in flare and belted styles. Fur and velvet trimmed, all sizes and colors, prices range

17.50 - 19.75 - 25.00 - 30.00 . to 90.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money cheerfully refunded.

Impressions of a New Alma Mater

MARTIN L. STRAUS

EDITOR'S NOTE—Impressions by newcomers and comparisons with other schools are always interesting and usually worth while. This artcle by a transfer from one of the East's most prominent schools is both.

THE University of Illinois has a spirit of democracy. Transfering to Illinois from one of the smaller Eastern colleges—a college which, by the way, is renowned for its democracy—I was happily surprised to find such an excellent spirit prevailing among the Illini. I had always thought the large central-west state universities cold, stiff institutions barren of all fellowship. But there is a fine fellowship here and yet the men are not clubby as are the undergraduates at most of the Eastern institutions. This lack of real intimacy, however, is probably due to the great size of this University.

One thing which has impressed me particularly is that the fine big campus is merely something at which to look and has no utilitarian value. In the East we used our campus. We strolled across its grass, we lounged upon it and we played upon it, and we never hesitated to smoke while on it. I believe that our campus did more to promote a spirit of oneness and of good fellowship than did any other one thing excepting, perhaps, our dormitories.

Athletics here are highly developed. The varsity teams in all branches of sports would undoubtedly make a favorable showing against the strong Eastern teams. If the Illini schedule included Harvard or Dartmouth, Princeton or Cornell I believe that the Illinois eleven would more than hold its own. But why should Illinois not produce good teams? Surely the school is large enough and certainly the coaches are able. It is not the Varsity or Freshman Varsity teams, therefore, that have won my admiration for Illinois athletics, but it is the class teams. I think that the inter-class athletic system here is much worth while. Here the mediocre athlete as well as the star may participate. At my former alma mater there was no room for the average athlete; one had to be a star or nothing.

I find the methods of classroom instruction and lecturing used in the Eastern colleges more adapted to the student than those in vogue here. Many of the quiz sections here are too large and consequently one does not receive enough individual attention. Here lecture halls are overcrowded. It is often difficult for the student to hear the instructor, but that is not his fault; he is supposed to be a teacher, not a loud-voiced orator.

The University of Illinois is a young institution. It, therefore, has few traditions. The only one I have heard of so far is Jake Stahl's long hit. The Eastern college radiates tradition; every undergraduate is saturated with it. But there is democracy here, and there is a certain something known as Illinois spirit that makes one happy that his alma mater is the University of Illinois.

Special HOMECOMING *Issue*
of The Illinois

Out November 16th
64 pages of snap

A TRY AT THE PURITAN HELL

(*Continued from page* 57)

nabee would have been less clever in procuring an escort for a delightful paddle on the bay that evening.

"Mr. Malcom." Her hand was idling in the water and, as the moon is no poor calcium light, she made a very pretty picture propped up on a bed of pillows at the end of the canoe. "Mr. Malcom, if you won't think me impertinent may I ask what you do in the city?"

"Why—er, I'm a stenographer."

"How does it happen that you have such a voice as yours and that you don't take advantage of it?"

"How did you know I sang at all?" asked Hayne.

"Oh, you thought you were alone when you were singing at the piano yesterday, but I was on the porch and heard it all."

"I haven't any kind of a voice," lied Hayne.

"Oh, I know better," she contradicted. "My uncle, Rudolph Garland, is a vocal teacher and I know something about it. Have you ever heard of him?"

"I don't believe I have."

"Why don't you try training your voice? I'd gladly give you a recommendation to him if you cared to try."

"My voice is too weak and besides I wouldn't have the time which such training would require. You see, my stud—office work takes the greater part of my time."

"In one way that is a good thing and in another it is too bad. You really should give people the benefit of such a voice as yours. You shouldn't be selfish and keep it to yourself. In my peculiar and selfish opinion, however, you are better off without it."

"I don't see what you mean." She detected his questioning tone and proceeded to explain herself.

"As soon as you became famous you would get money and glory. They are two things which I abhor in any man. They make him conceited, vain, and trustless. He doesn't get the real things out of life. Everything is a superficial pleasure that comes into his existence. In my opinion the happy life is living on the 'love in a cottage' scheme if not carried to an ex-

DOYLE

THE HARDWARE MAN

He has a corner on the student trade because he well deserves it

We had 20 years of good times under the REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION
Here goes for four more. On November 7th
VOTE STRAIGHT
Just mark one cross in the circle at left of the Republican column.
YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT

treme. There one gets the real things in life. There are no biased viewpoints, no absurd ambitions—simply a joy in living, in succeeding in a small way, and in getting the real instead of the superficial things in life."

"Oh, I'm not at all averse to having a bit of the world's goods and a trifle of this terrible fame that you speak of," he interrupted.

"You only think so," she contradicted. "If you had them you wouldn't be half so happy."

"I guess you're right after all," he said with a deal of conviction in his voice, for hadn't she said that she hated all these things and wasn't he the unhappy possessor of all the things she hated?

As he bid the girl goodnight at the foot of the stairs his mind involuntarily drifted to thoughts of the number of painted snips he had had to kiss while the camera clicked away and he felt less confident of his abilities as a professional film love maker when he left that night.

* * * *

It was with an unfamiliar feeling that Hayne admitted to himself that she was going home the next day. She lived in New York and that was a long way from the studio in San Francisco where he did all his winter producing. Would he ever see her again? Did she care whether he did or not? Was he the man for a girl of her type and if he was, what would she say if she found out what he was?

He was sitting on the porch alone that night after supper.

"Are you coming with us, Mal?"

He jumped to his feet and stood facing Miss Barnabee.

"Where are you going?"

"All the crowd's going down to Sturgeon Bay to the movies."

"Oh, I can't go tonight," he said. The thought of the movies or anything to do with them made him pettish—he who was a cheap dramatic film actor, devoting his time to the satisfaction of the public's demand for sentiment.

"Oh, and this is my last night here," she pouted.

"I know it," he replied, "but my eyes are hurting me terribly tonight and the doctor said that any strain on them would mean glasses. I can see myself in a pair of those goggles. I'd look just like a mountain goat."

"I'm sorry, Mal," she said and turned to join the crowd of whooping amusement seekers.

He went into the house and after procuring the manuscript that he had never finished reading since that day on the pier, settled down on a corner of the porch puffing an old pipe and thinking a series of discomforting thoughts. He read but little and finally threw the scenario on the table and gave it up as a bad job for that day.

COLLEGE EVENTS

We make pictures for you of all the events of the college year. You will want the best and most complete record for your memory book and we will please you. Just look the pictures over and call for them by number. Come in the day after the game.

Film Finishing Kodaks

Branch Store at 112 North Neil Street, Champaign

KANDY'S U. of I. BARBER SHOP
CONVENIENT CONGENIAL HIGH CLASS
RIGHT ON GREEN STREET

The return of the tired young people from the town awakened him from his lethargy, but he did not rise to meet them. Soon the voices died down and he was alone again. He put his head in his hands and tried to straighten out the jumble of peculiar things that were flitting through his mind. He sat for a long time and did not notice when someone took the chair opposite him. He jumped as *she* laid her hand on his, and looked up into the face of Miss Barnabee.

"I thought I'd find you here and I knew that you'd be lonesome. How are your eyes?" She seemed a little doubtful as to the necessity of the last question, but he did not notice the fact.

"Better, thanks," he answered shortly.

"You don't mind my intrusion, do you?" she asked, half rising as if to go.

"Mind?" He didn't know what to say.

"Why, I'm tickled to death that you should take the trouble to hunt me up at this time of night."

"I'm glad of that because I wanted to tell you about the picture we saw. It was a good one in the light of the acting although the plot was rather weak. I wish you had been there because it illustrated what I have often tried to tell you and explain to you, what I meant by my ideal man. Your wife has probably often—"

"I haven't got any wife," he said. She started back and looked at him in amazement.

"Why you said you had one. At least you registered as having one."

"And you force me by that statement to admit my unlimited conceit and gall. I did that so that the girls here wouldn't bother me. I wanted to be left alone. Can you imagine such conceit? I am ashamed of myself."

"I think I understand your motives perfectly," she told him quietly and convincingly. "But about the movie: The leading character was that of a minister in a little village. He portrayed the most gentle, unobtrusive and generous qualities that I like and want to see in a man. You should have seen him ministering to the sick, playing with the children, and doing everything that one could imagine that no selfish man could do. Do you know, Mal, I don't believe that any actor could portray that character as he did without being like the man he portrayed."

He said nothing. Her eyes wandered

What is P. H. L.?

Ask any one of the 13 Illini who made $4749.35 last summer. We are adding a few good men to our force. ARE YOU THE MAN?

If so, see O. R. HARTT, 615 S. Wright St. or call Auto 1089

BERT SPALDING, The University Druggist
We're in business for your health

from his to the manuscript on the table. She started and picked it up, turning the pages.

"Mal, have you read this yet?"

"No, I haven't finished it."

"I wish you would."

"Why?" He looked at her in amazement.

"Because I'd like to know what you think of it."

"Why are you interested?" he asked.

"Why, you see I wrote it."

"Don't sit there and tell me that you are Catherine Eddows." He was sitting up and looking at her with open-eyed astonishment.

"I guess I'll have to plead guilty to this awful stuff."

He fell silent again. So she was Catherine Eddows. It was she who had written all the scenarios which he had acted and so admired for months. It was her characters that he had imitated and striven to be like. That was the passing of his last chance. A girl with the ideals that she wrote about was too far above—oh, could anything be worse than all this?

"What's the matter with you tonight? Can't you talk?" She sounded a bit pettish at his inattention.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter," he answered in a weary voice.

"Yes there is—you don't sound natural."

"There isn't a thing the matter."

"Yes there is. Now tell me all about it. Nothing can help you more than to get your troubles into words."

"Well," he began, "I feel like I knew you pretty well, Catherine Eddows, so I'll tell you. I'm in love."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me the rest of it and maybe I can offer advice on the subject."

WILLIAM WALLACE PAUL
Shoes of Quality
MAIN & WALNUT ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

The Co-Op is STILL South
of
JOE'S BARBER SHOP
J. M. FOLEY, Prop.
621 South Wright Street Champaign, Ill.

Introducing to you
Mr. MELTON
of the Howard Studio
"Illio Melt" they call him
"Picture taking is an art, not a business" he declaimeth
We nonchalantly take a slant at one of his platinum finish photos, and yea verily we believeth — and join in the mad scramble for an early sitting
—
TWO STUDIOS
one right on John Street

"Oh, there's nothing wrong except the girl's so much better than I am. There's not a chance in the world of her ever loving me and I guess there's nothing for me to do, but give up."

"I'm sure that no girl would refuse you if she had an ounce of sense, Wallace Hayne."

He was startled by this name. So she knew who he was! He remembered the picture now. An old one in which he had played the lead. It was hard to remember one's pictures when they were taken so disconnectedly. There, too, was the scenario she had sent him.

"Any man," she continued, "who could take the part of the almost lovable characters, embodying all the good which I have put into mine and which you have acted so admirably must have the greater part of those qualities in him or he could do no such work."

So she knew all about him. His deceit, his work, his fame. She, the girl of such ideals as was embodied in her writings. Well—a long pause, then an intion and then, abruptly:

"Have you an ounce of sense?" he suddenly asked.

"I hope so," she answered.

—✠✠✠—

YES!!

"JIMMY" AND FRIEND WIFE

ARE STILL

At the same old stand with the same old "line", stirs and otherwise in the

BRADLEY ARCADE

Buy Swearingen's *Shoes*

Three doors north "The Booby Hatch" on Neil

THE BEARDSLEY

WE SERVE TABLE D'HOTE AND A LA CARTE
EVERY FACILITY FOR SERVING BANQUETS
LUNCHEONS AND DINNER PARTIES

C. B. HATCH, PRESIDENT

PRATTLE

Many instructors imagine that the assignment will be heard better if it is announced after the fifty minute bell has rung.

Even if Illinois had an eighteen hole golf course instead of a nine hole course that favorite post-game hole would still be lacking.

The man who sits at the end of a boarding house table usually needs all the arms he has.

The man who married the professional pickpocket shouldn't sympathize with himself too much—we all are blessed with very clever amateurs.

"Stude" Wails

Every time I go by that Arcade I hear those ivories a clickin and I just got ta drop in and scout around for some "soup." That sociable atmosphere in there sure makes me feel like the red ink says on that Siren cover.

And upstairs — say m-a-a-n — those are some billiard tables. Best I ever played on—bar none.
And the smokes are handy too. Believe me, I am for that

DEWEY NEWMAN
Proprietor of the
Arcade Billiard Parlor

THE STUDENT
CRUMB SHELF
Good Meals at Reasonable Prices
We make our pie.
CIDER on TAP

Short Orders at All Times
OPEN NIGHTS

$5.00 Ticket for $4.50

"Smoker Eats" a Specialty

L. D. BUCK
506½ Green St.

Somebody ought to write a snappy song about the other end of a perfect day.

Cheer up, little girl, you'll be old enough to wear short skirts some day.

Eve stole one small apple, but she's much better off than we who get the fruits of scandal.

When a man hisses the President on account of party preference there's no law to keep you from using force.

There would be fewer bachelors if mankind in general could determine whether the fair sex preferred a bag of popcorn and a man to an expensive night in a wild cabaret with a mollycoddle.

The dreamy moonlight nights last week started several astronomy courses that weren't taken in the observatory.

Listen—

A New Idea in Pressing Tickets. We guarantee to keep 4 suits repaired and to remove all spots for $1.60. No time limit.

Also 4 Suits pressed for $1

Get those shoes shined! We play the title of walking the dog on em.

HITE BROS. PANATORIUM

BELL PHONE

Goods Called For and Delivered

COLLEGE HALL

The Rose Barber Shop

709 South Goodwin Avenue

J. Y. ROSE, Prop.

Toilet Articles for Sale. Razors and scissors sharpened.

—next door to Chesleys

Don't forget that excuses were never meant for love affairs. Tradition points to many divorces due to the inefficiency of the excuse. What kind of excuses are you using on your instructor?

The idea of a college is to give the student a six cylinder education. This is the age of the super-six, however, and a super-six from Illinois means education plus spirit. Are you too "blind bridled" to see the new invention?

You remember Chesterton reaches Stilton at an hour that is neither after luncheon nor before tea, a sort of odd hour that has no place in the twenty-four. It is at such an hour that the clock in the tower of University Hall habitually stands.

Familiar Banalities

Musical burglary — breaking into song.

Philosophical etiquette — bowing to the inevitable.

TAILOR MADE CLOTHING

Ladies Buttons Made

J. F. Herbstriet

401 Railroad St., Urbana

STYLE QUALITY

A rare combination in our splendid up-to-date lines of

Shoes and Hosiery

Polishes, Laces, etc.

The Julian Shoe House

Next to Masonic Temple

Urbana, Ill.

4 Suits Pressed 4
$1.00

No time limit
on Tickets

THE ILLINOIS
CLEANING AND PRESSING

GOODYEAR
SHOE REPAIRING SYSTEM

Our customers are satisfied customers

Auto Service Bell 2250; Auto 1192

GO TO

VRINERS

FOR

High Grade Candies and
Delicious Drinks

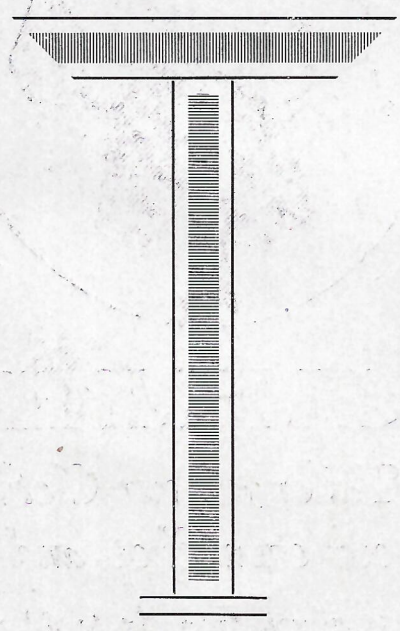
*The best malted milks in
the Twin Cities*

CHAMPAIGN & URBANA

We have used the best materials for twenty years

J. R. Grubb & Co.
will make the
engravings for the
Illinois Magazine
1916-17

SMOKE
VAFIADIS
CIGARETTES



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

REMEMBER

We Tailor all our Clothes in our own Shop and

Guarantee to save you from $5 to $8 on every suit

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Gulick Tailoring Co.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

OVER FIVE-and-TEN-CENT STORE